07/21/007
S/O M. Gibson
10:33

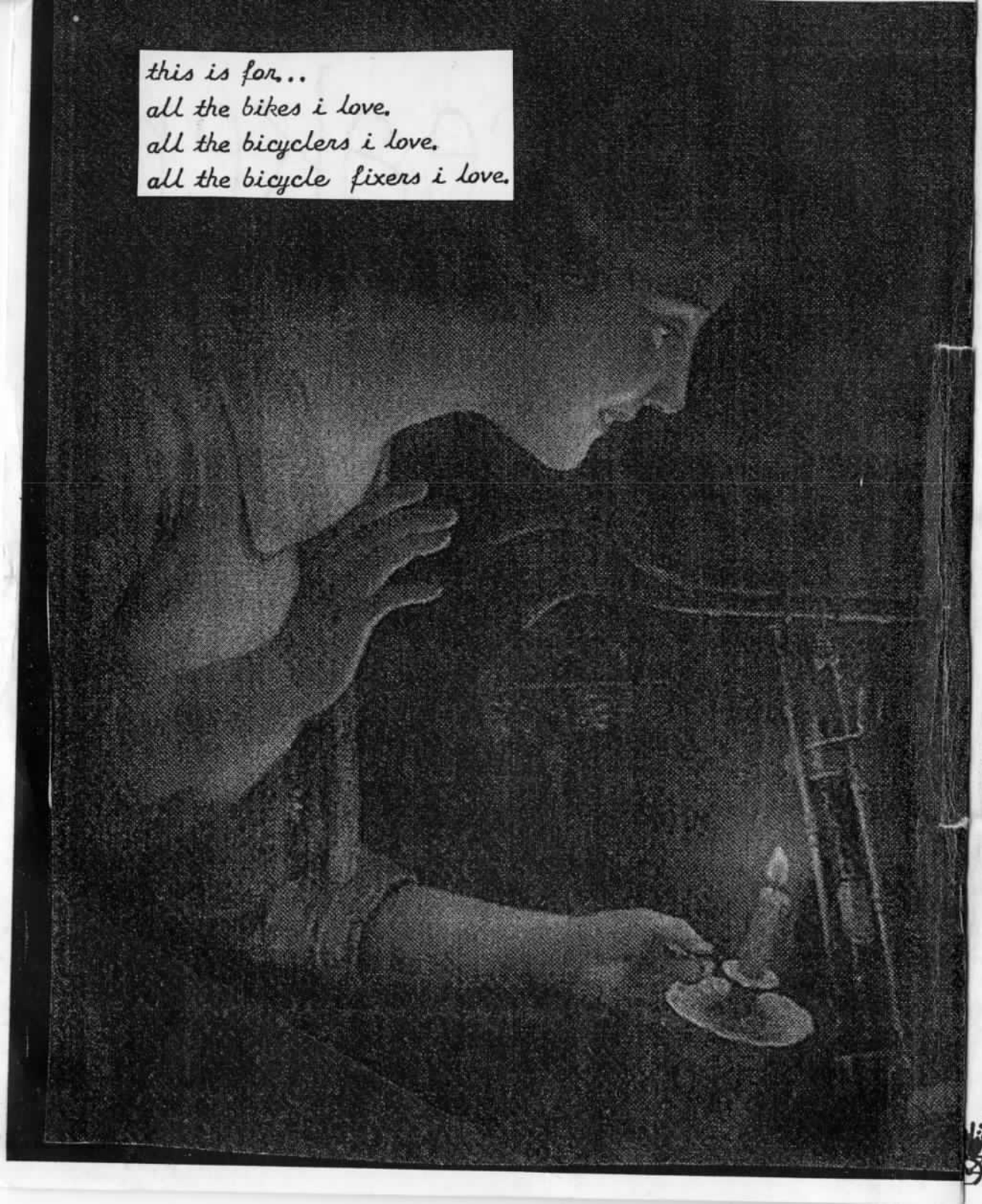
Never Leave
Your Bike Late
You Entice
Criminal
To Steal / ~~Vandalize~~ Property

This is a High Crime
Area. Ok
Put On Your Thinking Caps

2013.012

chainbreaker.

your favorite bicycle zine



♡ for the love of a bicycle ♡

It is hard for me to quantify just how much i love bicycles, for me to tell you how much joy they bring me, how much meaning they have given my life. I can tell you this... I ride my bike most everywhere i go, i have a job mechanic-ing at a bike shop, i volunteer at the non-profit bicycle project here in new orleans. When i go to the coffee shop the girl behind the counter askes me for bike advice, when i go to the market somebody inevitably says, "hey, it's the bike girl", i have bicycle grease under my nails constantly, and i can't stop diagnosing every bike that passes me on the street, thinking to myself "loose bottom bracket... brakes aren't toed in..." and the like. i am not alone, friends who all ride bikes, work on bikes, love bikes, do this as well.

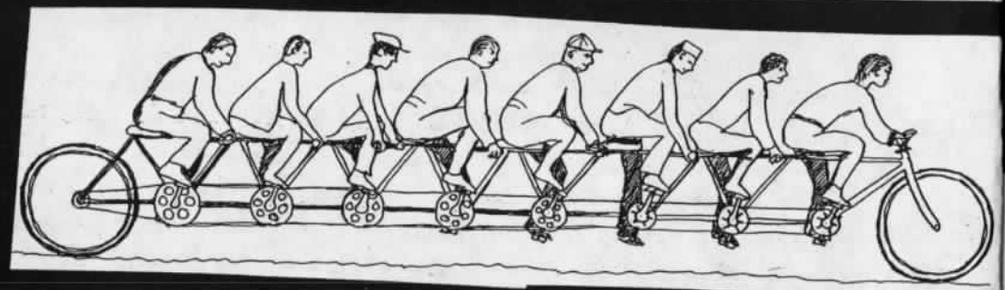
What is it about the bicycle that can bring a person so much joy? Why are there so many songs written about bikes? How do they become so much of who we are? Its is not just their beauty, the geometry, or that they bring freedom and fun to the most average chore. it isn't just their fabulous history or the way they help open minds. it is all this and more. it is that the bicycle shows a person that their are options, that there are other ways of living, new horizons undiscovered. For me, the bicycle showed me how to live more simply, and that life could be less complicated, that i could slow down, have less obligations and therefor see the world with fresher eyes. The bicycle taught me to enjoy my alone time more, to enjoy moving my body, being more a part of the environment around me. it has made me feel more socially responsible, made me more aware of excess, privilege, of the tiny bubbles that people create for themselves to live in. it has made me feel more vulnerable and therefor MORE AWARE.

The bicycle has caused an evolution in myself. it has helped me to change and expand my values. i have a hope that if this happened for enough of us there would be a revolution, as kropotkin says, "a time of accelerated evolution," where cooperation, simple mechanics and fresh air could work against the capitalism, technology and fear that threatens to wreck this world.

In essence i believe a simple bicycle ride could save us all.

bicycle RevOLution

"Throughout the world, bicycles offer people a means of sel
empowerment. As transport, human powered vehicles are clean
quiet, healthy, safe, quick, economical, space-saving, and
self-sufficient. When compared to automobiles, bicycles rep
ent the most logical, sustainable means of daily travel. Wi
growing issues such as overpopulation, land use, economic v
bility, energy efficiency, and environmental degradation, t
bicycle enters the twenty first century as the vehicle for
future." (David B. Perry)



Besides the most obvious qualities of the bicycle, that it is the most efficient and fun forms of transportation, that it is a source of immense freedom and leisure, that it is economical and has utilitarian beauty, the bicycle has an even more interesting and admirable role in history, economics, politics and society. The bicycle has served as a great emancipator, a social equalizer, and people liberator all over the world. The depth of the importance of the bicycle is... well... DEEP.

Bicycles played a huge role in womens' liberation. Women fought for the right to ride along with and without men, and continued to fight into realms of dress and other aspects of social life. Bicycling also gave america its first nationally recognized and acclaimed black athelete (and role modle), Marshall Taylor. His fight for equality in bicycle racing and the struggles he was put through shined the spotlight on negative race relations that plagued our country. Though blacks fought oppression long after his stardom which peaked in 1900, he helped force americans to question their feeling toward the black community by being a person who they couldn't help but love and trust andlook up to for his amazing abilities in their most beloved sport.

Bicycles also helped to break down barriers between classes, when in 1884, bicycles began being mass produced, making them both available and affordable to both the rich and the poor. Bikes were much cheaper than the upkeep of a team of horses and people from all levels of society began riding side by side and fighting for their shared rights as cyclers. Bicycles even drew people out of churches and saloons alike and into the countryside, where they learned to appreciate leisure and adventure, life and the fresh air.

These radical changes happened in american society during the last decades of the 1900's. The economic effect of the bicyles was profound. Watchmakers, piano builders,horse and even candy salesman lost money and work due to the great sucess of the bicycle, and due to the way the bike changed the priorities of the american people. Many of these changes would still be felt today had a newer and shinier toy not come along to woo the upper classes. the automobile.

The automobile. Where the bicycle had a leveling influence, the automobile unleveled it. The auto re-intoduced extremes on the social scale, it brought back a division between humans and nature, it brought noise and pollution where the bicycle brought peace and health, mechanical difficulties where bicycles brought simplicity in design and repair. The automobile undid what the bicycle had done so well with so much ease and in so little time.

Though the automobile has become such an all encompassing part of american life, and of life in almost anyplace and with most any culture in the world, it is important for us to remember the positive effects of the bicycle are still visible and that it is still more than worthwhile and rewarding to ride a bike. Bicycles are still easily affordable to all. Prices range from free to more expensive than some cars. Yet all those bicycles in that range have the same positive effect on the world around us and on the individual that rides it. The bicycle is the most free-ing vehicle. as biker / writer richard ballentine says, " the bicycle is an Anarchistic machine; it confers independent mobility at minimum expense or bother to anyone else. bikes do not need licensing or regulation. people can just use them. this is exactly what drives bureaucrats, government agencies, politicians, and profiteers crazy." well said richard.

They heyday of the bicycle is now. Let us not be discouraged by the car centered lifestyle that we watch most americans buying into. Globally, bicycles are still far outnumbering the automobile. An estimated one billion were in exsistence in 1994, compared to a mere 500 million cars and 150 million other motorized vehicles. Three times more bicycles were produced than cars that year. And more importantly still, the effect bicycles are having on the world is growing as well.Cities are starting to plan the bicycle into their models, adding cycling lanes and paths, laws to protect the biker. Critical mass bike rides are popping up in cities all over the world, showing that bikes and politics still go hand in hand, whether it means signing a petition for safer streets or using the more hands on approach of taking over the city streets. There is more equality among cyclists here in america. In fact women make up 55 percent of our cycling population! There are more free bike projects like the Yellow Bikes in Austin, Texas, or Plan Velo in France. Bikes not Bombs and other groups like Bikes for Cuba are building and delivering free bicycles to underprivileged people in other parts of the world. Bikes are used for many types of jobs, such as delivery, messengering, postal workers, pedicabs, rickshaws, ambulances, and other transport. And, despite the seeming perfection of the bicycles original manufacturing, the bicycle is making huge technological advances, giving us lighter bikes, stronger frames and wheels, and simply more crap for us bike geeks to talk about.

"Few articles ever used by man (sic) have created so great a revolution in social conditions as the bicycle."

icycle evolution & technological advances

1817 - The HOBBY HORSE (Baron Karl von Drais, germany) powered by running with the machine. first human powered transportation.

1839 - first PEDAL DRIVEN bicycle (Kirkpatrick MacMillan, Scotland) it was never manufactured, but served as a prototype for the pedal bicycle.

1842 - the REAR WHEEL DRIVEN Velocipede (Alexender Lefebure, france) is the world's oldest bicycle still in exsistence.

1870 - the fast & beautiful HIGH WHEELER. amazingly well built & light weight (some as light as 20 pounds!).

1885 - the Rover Safety Bicycle (John Stanley) - CHAIN DRIVEN, reasonable wheel size, easily mounted, BRAKE equipped.

1888 - Boyd Dunlop invents the PNEUMATIC TIRE for a softer & more enjoyable ride.

1890-1910 - the whole world is truly OBSESSED with the bicycle.

1897 - first FREEWHEEL manufactured.

1898 - the invention of the COASTER BREAK.

1900 - DERAILLEUR mechanisms in use.

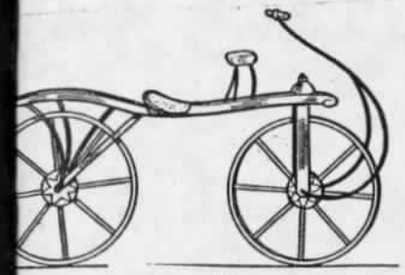
1930's-1940's - balloon tire roadsters with CURVES become the favorite, sharp angles are out. Sales of bicycles reach over 1 MILLION a year!

1970's - bicycles are the most affordable in history. ISO (international organization for standardization) standardizes parts & sizes.

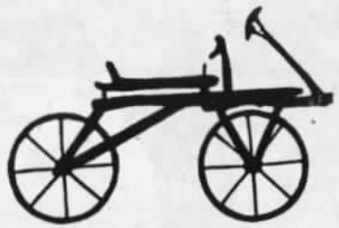
1978 - first MOUNTAIN BIKES by joe breeze, gary fisher & tom ritchey.

1987 - first HYBRIDS manufactured. bikes becomming more specialized.

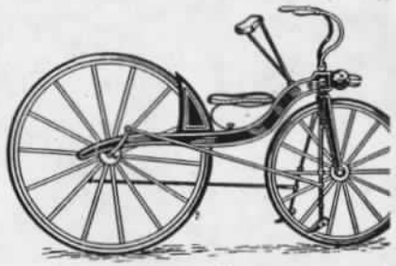
1980's - technologies like TITANIUM & CARBON FIBER in use for frames & wheels.



Hobby Horse

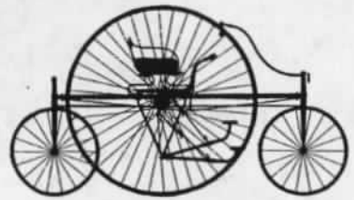


Swift Walker
Drais's Laufmaschine

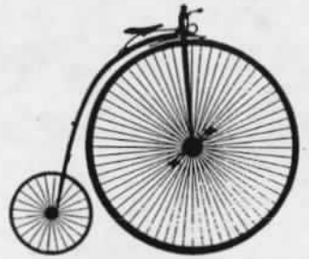


Macmillan's Treadler

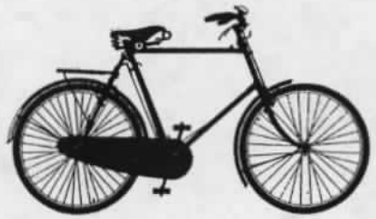
Boneshaker
Michaux's Vélocipède



Tricycle
Starley's Coventry Lever



High Wheeler
Pope's Standard Ordinary

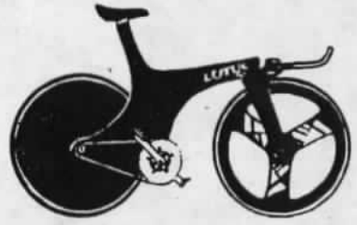


Modern Safety
Golden Sunbeam Two-Speed Roadster

Paperboy bike

Mountain Bike
Fisher's Mt. Tam

Recumbent Bike
Brummer's Lightning P-38



Aero Bike
Burrows' Lotus Sport

Marshall "Major" Taylor

(1878 - 1932)

Marshall Taylor was born in the outskirts of Indianapolis, the grandson of freed slaves, during a period in american history where racism was upheld by the "seperate but equal" code. As a young boy he delivered newspapers by bicycle and at age 13 was hired by a local bicycle shop to do odd jobs and publicity work, which consisted of him performing bicycle tricks while wearing a military uniform. This is how he got his nickname Major. He was later coerced by the shop to race. Unexpectedly, he won. He was stuck on racing from that moment on.

He started a bicycle club called the see-saw cycling club, consisting of all black members. This club joined with others to form the Colored Wheelman's Association. They had been excluded from the country's largest cycling association, "The League of American Wheelman" when, due to their ambiguous race laws, many blacks began joining the group, causing a huge uproar among its white members. The group had a vote and passed a ban on non-white members, though they conceeded to allow blacks to race in L.A.W. events.

Taylor moved to Massachusets in 1895, looking for a place where he could ride a train more, finding too much opposition to his color in Indiana. He found the east coast to be much more open. He raced and won more and more. By 1897 he rose to the top ten in the american sprint champion series, winning in cities all over the country and raising tensions from the white riders were becomming more apparent. The hostility reached its peak in Taunton, Massachusetts where a losing racer grabbed Taylor at the finish line and choked him into unconsciousness. From that point on race promoters began to ban him and white riders refused to race with him. He recieved letters threatening his life, but continued racing and setting records, becomming the fastest man in the world,at a 1 minute 45 2/5 second mile.

From then until 1902 he experienced a peak in his carreer, with consistent wins, huge prizes, and spectacular press coverage he grew from being not just a world champion but to the status of a world wide hero. Thousands came to see him in cities all over the world, and loved him for his charm and humor, because he was intelligent and down to earth. He would always be remembered after his retirement and after his death in 1928 as the first athelete of African-American heritage to establish world records, the first to be a member of an integrated professional team, and the first to have commercial sponsorships. He remains the finest black cyclist of all time and one of the greatest of cyclings heros.

"The bicycle makers accomplished more for dress reform in two years than the preachers of that cult accomplished since clothes began to be the fashion." Puck Magazine 1895

Bicycles and Women's Fashion

When sarah got home from her trip this summer, we sat having coffee together and she started telling me about the book she was reading about transgender and sexuality. she said to me, "shelley, the way you dress, according to definition, you would be considered transgender." it was interesting to hear that way. i had just been doing all this reading about women's clothing changes due to the bicycle, just writing about my own issues with being taken seriously as a woman doing work like i do, mechanics, construction, and even as a teeneagerselling tools. it dawned on me that for me, getting the respect i feel i deserve from men often means ridding myself of my sexuality and sex appeal all together. and is that why some men i know like to put on a skirt now and then? not because it is more comfortable, as they say, but it is because it is the only was they feel a woman will respect them for their emotions, and their softness, the things that are normally only attributed to the female sex?

Even as i write that now, i think, "is that why i have groun up to dress like i do?" all in boys clothing. i always say i wear army clothes all the time because it is the most practical for hard work and to hide all the damn grease on my clothes. is that really it? or am i trying to tone down my woman-ness so i can get taken seriously by men, so i get fewer hollars on my bike. i get enough as it is just being female, but man, it multiplies exponentially when i put on a skirt or dress.

It is an interesting question. Then i came across this quote, " Photographs and pictures show a tendency of women's cycling costumes to adopt masculine lines, collars, ties, coats, vests, hats." all of these changes in clothing were happening during a time when women were not just fighting for ration dress, but for rights, for the vote, fighting to be done with being thought of as "the weaker sex." were women at this time really wearing the

bloomer because it was the most rational thing to wear when cycling, or were they grabbing on to the first concrete opportunity they had to wear more comfortable clothing? and to wear the kind of clothing that allowed them to be more equal to men, by being able to move and work more easily, and by taking the focus off of their beauty and femininity long enough to be judged on their merits and abilities as a person under all those layers of frills.

During its heyday, the late 1800's and the early 1900's bicycles were central in american life, and up until this time women were still wearing waist pinching corsets, layers and layers of heavy cloth, both jeopardizing the health of the women and making it difficult to take part in something as simple as a bicycle ride. But as the bicycle got more and more popular, more women wanted to take part, skirt gaurds were added to cycles, women were advised to wear even heavier skirts, underskirts of leather, or even to sew bits of metal to the bottom of her dress to keep them from flying up during a ride.

The issue of proper cycling wear was address as early as 1885 when magazines such as Outing had special columns dedicated to the issue. It is debatable when the real offensive against the long skirt took place, but for sure some time in the 1880's women began wearing the scandalous bloomer costume, showing their ankles and causing a huge stir amongst cyclists that was carried into the press and even into the churches. The time was ripe for radical changes in women's dress. Though the bloomer, baggy turkish style trousers tied up around the ankles were hardly revealing to the shape, it was still considered a little improper, even obscene to some. And though women were happy to have more comfortable clothing for thier ride, they then were subjected to the taunts of men, one war won and another began. Women who wore bloomers had their sexuality thrown into the forefront, their figures were judged, their morality questioned. And of course songs and peoms we were written about the bloomer girl...

Sing a song of bloomers out for a ride,
With four and twenty bad boys running at her side,
While the maid was coasting the boys began to sing,
"Get on to her shape, you know," and all that sort of thing.

The National.

But cyclists fought on, man and women joined the fight together organizing events such as dances where both men and women were required to attend in cycling costume, where applause drowned out the music when the first dancers took the floor. Miss Ada Coleman even dared to attent church one sunday afternoon clad in bright red bloomers. The bicycle clubs on the west coast had "bicyc night" at the local theater, and in 1895 a play entitled "Bicycle Girl" was shown to big audiences in New York City.

All of this did not go without opposition, from women who called the bloomer girls hussies, to men who swore they would not marry such a lady, Churches were called upon to talk sense into the girls, and ordinances were passed to keep good moral, handing out fines of five to a huge fifty dollars to ladies wearing such suggestive clothing. In the end the bloomer girl won, clothing styles became more and more abreviated, and spilled over into daily

life. Women began wearing their more rational dress to work, on wal through the park without incident. The sporty and mannish details of the cycle costume would influence these styles of dress as wel

Today, women's clothing styles include everything from the super femme to the super masculine, to the point that i don't really think of even super masculine dress as "male" or gendered at all. I do think that women are still very much judged by the way they dress, and that a femme is treated one way, and that the expectaions of a woman who dresses like me is another way. women will always be subject to the taunting of certain men when they put on revealing clothing, and looked down upon by other women for the same thing. well, maybe not always. most people never thought they'd see a woman in pants in the 1890's and now look at us! now we can ride our bikes in pants, repair our bikes in dresses, or the other way around. and so can the boys.

"New Woman" looking like an old man.

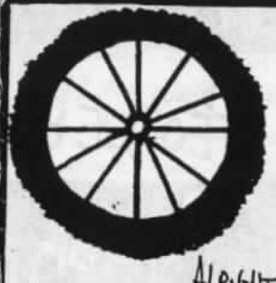
CELEBRATE PEOPLES' HISTORY

Gyda Stephenson

In June 1895, Miss Gyda Stephenson, a schoolteacher at Humbolt School in Chicago rode her bicycle to school, and seeing no reason why she could not wear her cycling clothing to teach class in, showed up in her knickers, causing a heated debate. Though some colleagues attacked her knickers as improper, the majority of the teachers reportedly applauded. Miss Stephenson stated that she did not belong to any special dress reform movement. She said she wore the bloomers simply because they were the most sensible attire for one who cycled. Without knowing it, she opened a new debate for rational dress that had been being fought by the likes of Amelia Bloomer, the creator of the bloomer herself. This helped the bicycle to make its most lasting impression on American culture yet - the liberation of women from oppressive clothing styles such as the corset, multiple petticoats and yards of heavy fabrics women had been fighting against for over 50 years. Thanks Gyda Stephenson!!!

دراجات

RIJWIELSTALLING



BIKE TUBE BELT

ALRIGHT AFTER I MADE THIS REALLY DURABLE BELT OF COURSE I FOUND OUT IT'S BEEN DONE OVER & OVER AGAIN! THEN I FOUND OUT THEY CAN GO FOR 30 BUCKS A POP AT SOME "OOH, WE RECYCLE AND RIP YOU OFF" FANCY STORES! SO MAKE ONE AND SHOVE IT IN THEIR FACE AND SHOW THEM WHAT AN AWSOME JOB YOU DID!

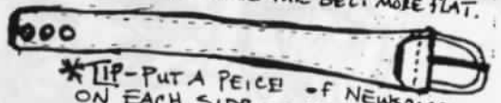
1. MEASURE TUBE AROUND WAIST & ADD 5" (TO TUCK THROUGH 1ST BELT LOOP) CUT.
2. FIT TUBE THROUGH BUCKLE, POUND A HOLE THROUGH TUBE WITH A NAIL FOR THE BUCKLE PRONG TO FIT THROUGH. SNIP CORNERS TO CURVE & SEW DOWN. SEE FIGURE 1.
3. MEASURE WHERE YOU WANT TO FASTEN BELT POUND *EYELETS IN WHERE YOU WANT THE PRONG TO GO THROUGH.

*EYELETS - YOU CAN BUY THEM FOR A COUPLE OF BUCKS AT A FABRIC STORE.
OR
YOU COULD SNIP A SMALL HOLE AND HAND SEW WASHERS TO FRONT AND BACK OF BELT, TO PREVENT RIPPING IN THE TUBE.

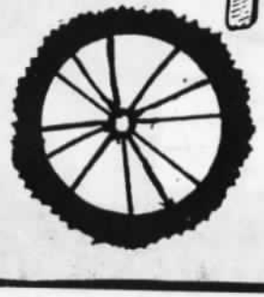
YOU CAN GO CRAZY WITH DIFFERENT SIZE EYELETS.

FIGURE #1

YOU CAN SEW A SEAM DOWN EACH SIDE TO MAKE THE BELT MORE FLAT.



*TIP - PUT A PEICE of NEWSPAPER ON EACH SIDE TO HELP GLIDE EASIER THROUGH YOU SEWING MACHINE.



reprinted from:
SPITSHINE THE EYE a
sewing lovers zine
by
JEN 918 e. gonzalez street
pensacola fl 32501

hey baby...
CAN I GET A RIDE?

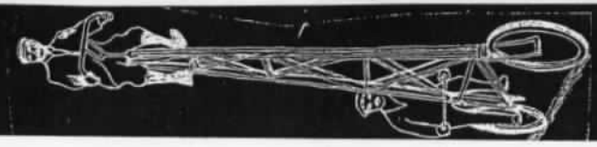
Some days i feel like i can't make it a block down a street without some person making a sexual or otherwise demeaning or objectifying comment at me on my bicycle. things like hissing - tsssssst! like hey baby-ing me, like asking me for a damn ride (which i never really understood anyhow). sometimes even the wrong kind of stare is enough to make me feel uncomfortable, or the sound of a car slowing down enough to ride beside me awhile.

yuck.

this is what i want to say to the people who do this:

"realize that when a woman is on her bike, especially when she is alone, or it is at night, or when she lives in a dangerous city like new orleans, that these comments do nothing but make her feel less safe, uncomfortable, demoralized & uncared for, like nothing but a mere object. a nice comment could make her day, humor might even make her smile or feel better, without frightening her. but understand that if she returns your hello with a glare, that you could be the fifth or sixth guy to make some offhanded comment at her. she might just get tired of sifting through what is creepy & what is sweet & has just resorted to being mean. understand that it is not her fault, nor is it yours. rethink how you approach contact with a woman & try to do it in a way that can leave her feeling safe & positive."

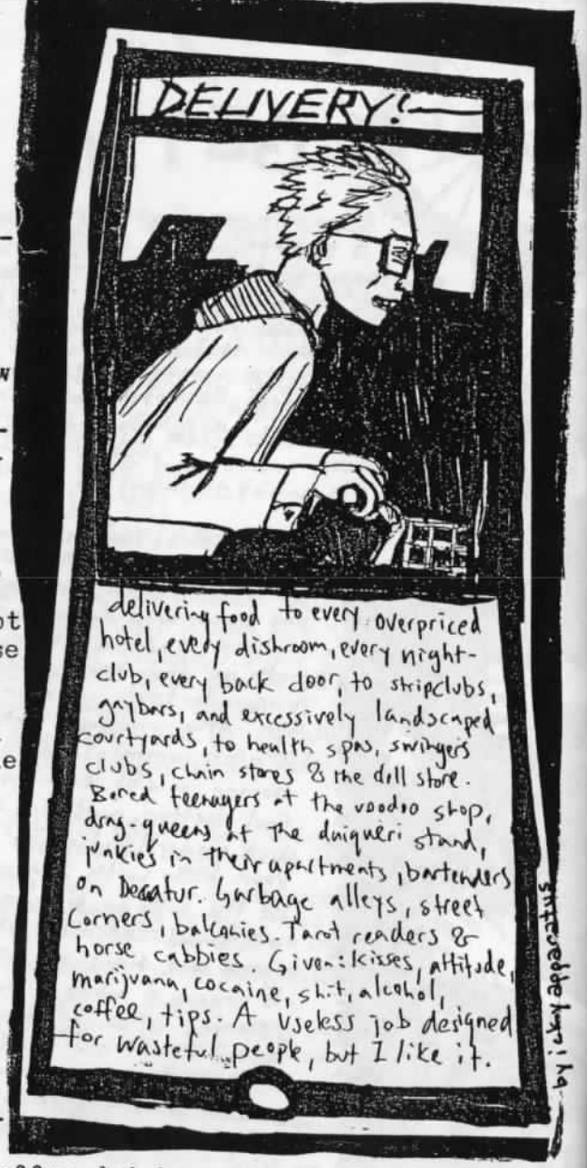
thanks.



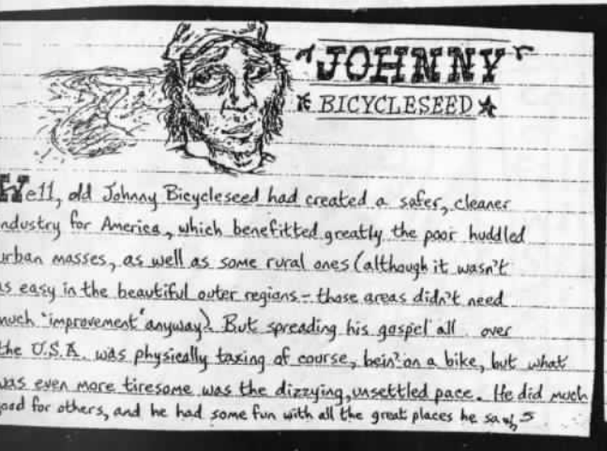
cafe roma barracks street samuri sushi moonwok mama rosas

THE THINGS THEY CARRY...

people and cultures all over the world use the bicycle for transport. in china, the world's largest bike using population, bicycles are used for transporting anything from the daily mail, to geese, to huge stacks of furniture. when i lived in india, i would watch construction workers load 25 feet of rebar and bags of cement on loading bikes and weave them through the narrow alleys of new delhi. i saw the thinnest of indian men load as many westerners and their bags onto a rickshaw and pedal them through the most dangerous intersections, dodging cars, scooters, huge trucks and cows for mere rupees, hardly enough to survive on apparantly, as many of them slept curled in tiny positions on those rickshaws at night. in america, bikes are used in many large cities for messenger services. did you know that ups was even a bike delivery service in its beginning in 1907, with six teenagers and two bicycles? here in new orleans the oil refineries use heavyduty worksman bicycles to transport their employees around the huge grounds. and in the french quarter the bicycle deliverer is more than just part of the eclectic scenery, she or he is the life blood of the quarter, carrying anything from beer to po-boys, to whole chicken dinners, pizza, 50 lb bags of cat litterand even sushi and fancy coffee drinks. the bike delivery job is pretty coveted in this town, a deliverer makes decent tips gets to ride a bike outdoors, trade shifts and get vacations covered fairly easily, and is offered a view of the city never seen by the simple tourist. it's not all fun though, dealing with traffic, hoards of people during mardi gras, side jobs like washing dishes and prepping shrimp, and some really lame bosses. i have never had a delivery job, i


DELIVERY!
delivering food to every overpriced hotel, every dishroom, every nightclub, every back door, to stripclubs, gaybars, and excessively landscaped courtyards, to health spas, swingers clubs, chain stores & the doll store. Bored teenagers at the voodoo shop, drag-queens at the daiquiri stand, junkies in their apartments, bartenders on Decatur. Garbage alleys, street corners, balconies. Tarot readers & horse cabbies. Given: kisses, attitude, marijuana, cocaine, shit, alcohol, coffee, tips. A useless job designed for wasteful people, but I like it.
Suzanne Lynch '04

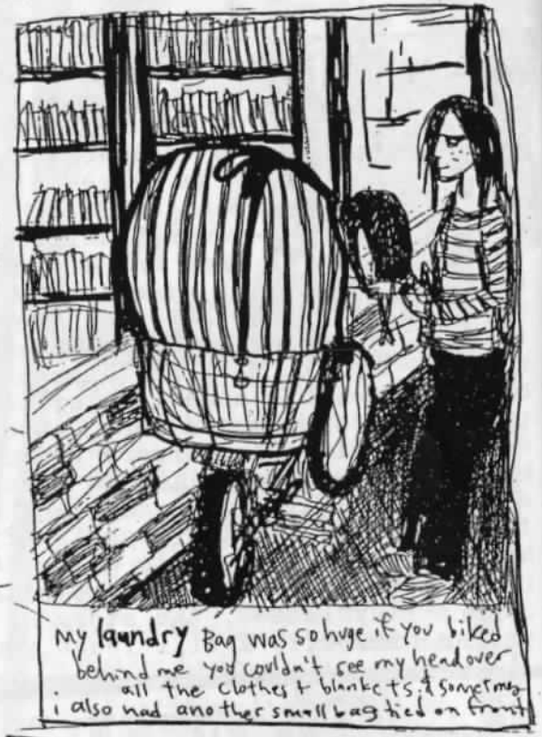
i have never been a deliverer. i only know these things because i fix their bikes, some of the sorriest wrecks of machines you have ever seen, all with huge front baskets, jumbles of bungee cords, various squeaks and usually dried chunks of gravy (or something) stuck to the fenders. some of this cities best muscians deliver on bikes, most of my friends do, lots of women too. it wasn't always that way though. back when i first moved here about seven years ago now, there was only one woman delivery person. she worked for the quartermaster (the nelly deli) and i always thought she was tough as hell. there are some deliverers who i have watched ride through the quarter at top speeds to deliver a hot oyster po-boy for years now. i am amazed at their dedication to the job. i am amazed when i sit with a group of friends who all deliver and think of this strange cult they are a part of, that cannot be understood by a simpleton like myself, how saying a number address can stir up hisses, how a single low tip (like 19 cents!) can be enough to ruin a persons hope for humanity. i listen and i learn. while writing this it made me think of a long term friend and now neigbor of mine. his name is steve and he has delivered at various places since he moved here, about the time i did. he is the most dedicated bicycle delivery person i know, he works hard, he loves his job, even travelling to other cities around this country to start bike delivery, because he knows it is a beautiful addition to any city, offering less traffic, decent jobs, and food for the masses. he used to write me letters when i would travel away from new orleans, entertaining me with a cartoon series he called Johnny Bicycleseed, the story of a travelling bike deliverer (not unlike himself!) i will leave you with one of his tales:


JOHNNY
BICYCLESEED
Well, old Johnny Bicycleseed had created a safer, cleaner industry for America, which benefitted greatly the poor huddled urban masses, as well as some rural ones (although it wasn't as easy in the beautiful outer regions - those areas didn't need much 'improvement' anyway). But spreading his gospel all over the U.S.A. was physically taxing of course, bein' on a bike, but what was even more tiresome was the dizzying, unsettled pace. He did much good for others, and he had some fun with all the great places he saw, 5
but he didn't feel like he had the whole picture. His great influence was subtle, so he was a total stranger in one town after another, after another, and the anonymity freed him, in an odd way. The experiences were richer & more valuable than most people have in a course of a lifetime (x2), but in the midst of all that wonderful noise, he was soon energy-drained to the core. He got to a point where he would've traded everything he got out of these journeys for stability & warmth. But that always eluded him, so he had to continue on the road to outrun his failings. THE END

Biker's Fuckin' Ass!

by merrydeath

Matt started bringing home 5 pound bricks for the walk way in the back yard, 60 or more pounds at a time in a front basket, in 99° of humid heat.



My laundry bag was so huge if you biked behind me you couldn't see my head over all the clothes + blankets, & sometimes i also had another small bag tied on front

biked a folded up queen sized ss from one horse to another

he also made a bike cart out of an old shopping cart and loaded up all the recycling into it and took it to the Green Projects recycling bins

in many places my friends use their bikes to get to work, move all their stuff, take home tables, large industrial box fans, carry 22 pound bags of cat food, carry their children, pets, or lover, large stilts or collapsable puppet shows. in our large,

Alisa carries merce in a bi and kid seat goes for a uphill, do

Shelley + maggie bike together

collective warehouse we couldn't have gotten rid of all the large, 200 pound filled metal barrels without a truck or brice's station wagon. but when i hear people's excuses of why they never bike, often it's feeling lazy. but they say it's because you can't carry anything on a bicycle.

Don't get Hit!

In theory, bicycles have the same rights as other vehicles on the road and therefore should follow the same rules. Neither seems to actually be the case. Most vehicles (cars, trucks, and the ridiculous suv) think they have domaine over the road and will treat it as such, leaving the bicyclers at their mercy. Many rules of the road actually put the cycler in a more dangerouse position and should actually be broken. It is a very fine line.

In any case, there are two impoatant things to remember.

ONE: Each and every bicycler must remember - you have a right to be on the road! do not feel bad or apologize to the driver for being on the road! Not only do you have the legal right to be there, but because you are clearly doing a better and more respectable thing by cycling for transportaion, you have more right be be on the road! Don't forget it! ride proud, know that you deserve your space and use it and enjoy it, be determined and decisive and feel good knowing that you are using the most efficient and socially responsible form of transportation! but...

TWO: Know when to give in! There are drivers that you will be up against that sadly have no respect at all for the cycler. these are the people that we need to be afraid of. cars are bigger and in a fight, they will more than likely win. Don't get in a situation over pride that will get you hurt or killed. The biking community needs you!

SO! remembering those two most important things, here are some basic safetly rules to help you get by...

1. LOOK. Keep those eyes moving. pay attention. watch for cars wanting to cross you path, for reverse lights, for turn signals, for the evil car door opening in you path! these are your enemies... watch for them!

2. LISTEN. listen to cars coming up behind you, are they speeding? are they slowing down to turn right in front of you? know what is around you, with all the senses you have

3. COMMUNICATE: whenever possible, look the driver in the eye, make sure they recognize you, communicate with them about where, you are going. eye contact is great for awareness. and be sure to communicate to a bad driver, your voice can save you from bad situations, or at least let the driver know when they really messed up. cursing or shaking your fist usually works fine.

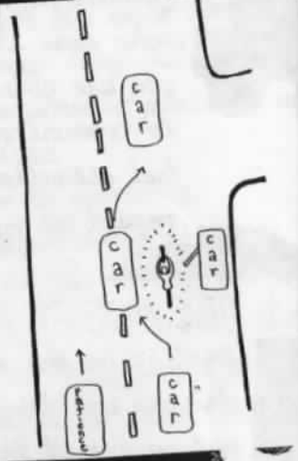
4. RIDE WHERE THE DRIVERS EXPECT YOU TO BE: meaning, ride with traffic on the right side of the road and not all over the place. drivers are taught where to look for a bicycle, and most will not go out of there way to look in the place they won't expect you to be. it is safer for you.

5. BE COURTEOUS: let a driver know you appreciate it when they give you the right of way, or the space you nedd on the road. smile, give them a thumbs up.

6. BE PREPARED TO STOP: always have your hands on the brakes and be ready to stop. Have an out, or a plan to get out of the way if you can't stop (driveways, sidewalks, etc.).

7. ALWAYS ASSUME THE WORST: i know this sounds crazy and pessimistic, but remember that it is up to you to keep yourself safe. assume there is a car speeding down the road you want to cross, assume that behind the truck stopped in the lane ahead of you there is another car speeding past it. if you cannot see past an obstacle, slow down or stop until you can. Never trust that a driver sees you. assume they don't or that even if they do they might not care if they kill you. and don't assume that you know what they will do next either. 4 out of 5 bicycle accidents are caused by a motorist breaking a rule.

8. TAKE A SAFE POSITION ON THE ROAD: ride to safely enoughtaway from parked cars to keep you safe of their doors. i prefer to be a bit in the lane. cars having to swing out a little alerts the driver behing them to my exsistence and makes them slow down. if i am really in the lane and causing a delay, i give the drivers a sign to let them know i will be out of the way as soon as i can.



9. BREAK THE RULES WHEN IT FEELS SAFER: now, i don't mean to tell you to ride crazy. ride safe, but if you come to a stop light and the road is clear, by all means, cross the road! it puts you ahead of the traffic and in a safer position. cross the road safe, use your common sense.

Ten little bike riders,
In a single line,
One swerved out to pass.
Now there are nine.

Nine little bike riders,
Not inclined to wait,
One ignored a stop sign.
Now there are eight.

Eight little bike riders,
Out until eleven,
One went without a light.
Now she's in heaven.

Seven little bike riders,
Cutting up for kicks,
One got too "fancy,"
Now there are six.

Six little bike riders,
Eager and alive,
One didn't signal,
Now there are five.

Five little bike riders,
Hurrying to the store,
One dashed out the driveway,
Now there are four.

Four little bike riders,
Carefree as could be,
One didn't check his brakes.
Now there are three.

Three little bike riders,
Distracted by the view,
One hit a parked truck,
Now there are two.

Two little bike riders,
Having lots of fun,
One rode against traffic,
Now there is one.

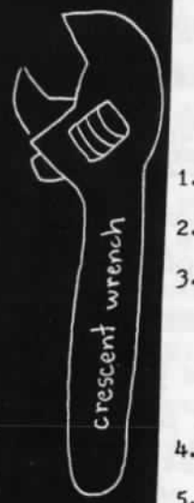
One little bike rider,
Who's still alive today,
By following the safety rules.
He hopes to stay that way.

10. BEWARE OF... the distracted [illegible]
the deaf and blind music-blaring-window-tinted cruisers, cab drivers during festival time in new orleans with nothing but dollar signs in their eyes, as i say, the ever present cars door opening in your path (R.I.P Lucas Cox), street car tracks that grab yer wheels and throw you aff your bike, dogs that will chase you through a dark neighborhood kicking and screaming, speeding cops near the projects, cars speeding to make the yellow light, drunk tourists mistaking the french quarter for disneyland, starry eyed looking for mickey mouse, not for your bicycle...

11. MAINTAIN YOUR BIKE!: make sure your brakes are good, that your bike in general runs well. have good tires for fewer flats. have lights or at the very least reflectors for riding at night. be as visible as you can. dress up crazy, dress your bike up crazy. the more of a spectacle you are the better...

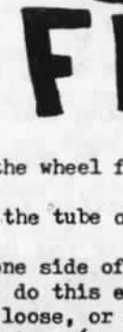
i think that is all. i hope i haven't made biking sound rigid or boring. biking is fun! despite the cars. i know what streets i can haul ass on in the middle of the night, which ones i can ride down with a cup of coffee in my hand blaring my own radio. but i know that in traffic it is up to me to stay safe. i have been in a few accidents in this city, all typical... an obstructed road (leaving me wit a broken leg, a hundred dollar ticket from the lovely NOPD, a hospital bill that didn't get paid because i was breaking the damn rules), a car right hand turning in front of me - stereo blaring in the dark, even one car door in the face. i hope i have learned all of my biking lessons. because of those accidents and the loss of a couple friends from their own, i am more careful now. i hope you will be too...

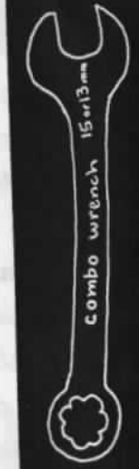
How to fix a FLAT



1. remove the wheel from the bicycle
2. deflate the tube of remaining air
3. remove one side of the tire (the bead) from the rim. do this either with your hands if the tire is loose, or with tire levers. never use a screwdriver (as you risk ruining a repairable tube or even the tire). if you have no tire lever, use something blunt like the end of a spoon.
4. lift the valve out of the hole in the rim.
5. remove the tire from the rim
6. take the tube out of the tire. fill the tube with some air to find what may have caused the hole. if it is a single puncture, it was probably something poking through your tire, a slit could be a rim bruise, (underinflated tires cause this), two slits also are caused by underinflation, a huge gaping hole is a blowout and you should inspect your tire for a corresponding hole, or a broken bead or sidewall on your tire. a hole in the inside of the tube indicates a spoke may be poking out and should be filed down.
7. inspect your tire, for holes, glass, nails, etc. run your fingers through the inside of the tire and feel for things poking through. this is most important for preventing future flats!
8. repair the tube according to the instructions on your patch kit, or replace the tube.
9. put enough air in the new or repaired tube to hold the shape of a circle. lay the tube inside or the tire with valve facing the right direction.
10. put on bead back on the rim with hands, or in tough cases with your tire lever. put the valve through the hole in the rim being sure it is standing up straight. put second bead on the rim.

tools you may need...



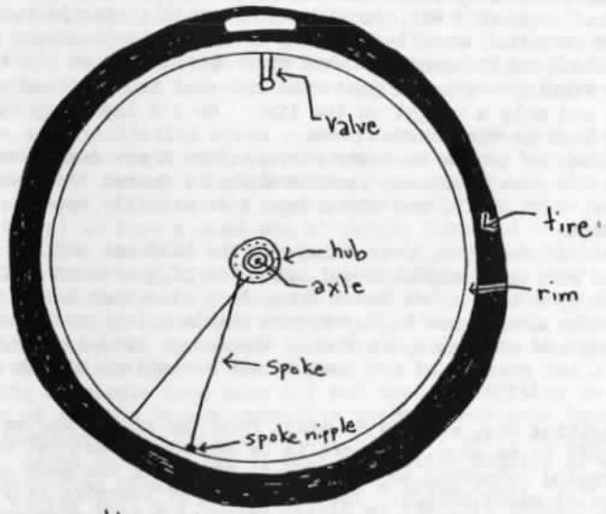


11. be sure tire is seated, meaning both beads are entirely and evenly on the rim. ad air slowly, watching closely to be sure neither bead is popping off the rim (otherwise you will blow out the tube and scare the hell out of everyone around you!)
12. when tire is up to the proper pressure (it will say what this is on the side of your tire) bolt your wheel back on being sure it is evenly spaced between the forks or chainstays.

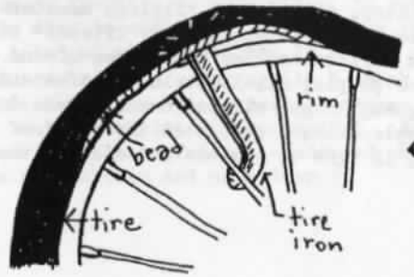
↑ front wheel ↑ rear wheel

13. remind yourself that you rule cause you can fix your own flat which saves you money and makes you more self reliant. now go ride yer bike!!!

first thing is first! know proper wheel vocabulary!



this is a WHEEL
(it contains all of these things.)



getting the TIRE off of the rim with a tire iron.

PLAN B

by john gerken

Years ago, when I lived in San Jose, we had a basement full of bikes and not much else, as far as tools or knowledge or anything like that. Scott was a tinkering wizard who would drunkenly repair electronics and not remember how he did it in the morning, and Alan would get drunk and enthusiastic about making chopper bikes. I had no idea how to do any of it - I desperately wanted to be able to fix bikes, but I was intimidated. I hadn't yet figured out how I would learn how.

Then again, maybe it's best that I didn't start then - Scott claimed the only bike tool he needed was a hammer. To his credit, he was the only one of us who built any bikes from that pile under our house.

Bikes. Yeah, I know, what's new? Everywhere you go, everyone loves bikes. There's always some bike-obsessed groups of folks. Working on bikes, building them, making tall bikes, working as couriers. But it's exciting to me, right now, to be learning to fix them. For so long I was intimidated by tools and mechanics. My dad was often exasperated at what a pansy I was, growing up. I didn't ever know how to check the oil on a car, much less change it. I couldn't change a flat on my bike, and I could never put that poor little worm on the hook when we went fishing. I would just cast and reel in, over and over, with no hook and only a weight on the line. Or I'd lay on my back in the boat and look at the clouds.

My dad took me to the hardware store before I moved away and bought me a toolbox and some wrenches, insistent that I'd need them someday. I've still got that stuff, and these days I do actually use it. It took a while, though.

It's been a long time, overcoming all the bullshit and not being embarassed to make easy mistakes and ask a lot of questions and look dumb and fuck up a lot. I've known for a long time that I was a skinny pansy cry at the movies can't play sports what's a lug nut? kind of boy. But the voices are still deep in there, the voices that say I should be good at tools and grease and not have to ask directions or ask questions or get help.

With anything new, we have to start from the ground up, as Merrydeath said to me once. We have to be confident, but not arrogant. We have to remind ourselves to start over, no matter how good or experienced we are at other things. The first part of learning is figuring out how we learn, in a given situation. It's good to remind myself of this.

Bikes is one thing I'm learning. I work on bikes for fun and I ride my bike for my job and for transportation. I work on bikes in a context that complements my community ideals, the things I most strive for. I dream about bikes (also, dishwashing, flying, monsters, mundane conversations, sex). I ogle bikes, I recognize my friends' bikes parked places or wonder who owns a particular bike that I see around. I cruise bikes the way I don't cruise people, all lascivious stares and lingering glances. I feel like I'm going to get slapped one of these days, nonetheless. I notice work people need, I cringe at the sound of a dry chain or squeaky brakes. I'll ride by someone and ask why they haven't been back to Plan B to true that wheel or adjust that bottom bracket, before realizing what an intrusion into their privacy it feels like to do that.

Of course, it's not nearly as bad as Ethan and Shelley at the bar, yelling at some guy who seemed to be cheating on his girlfriend. "You can't do that! Look, we're your bike mechanics!"

Plan B is the New Orleans Community Bike Project. It's a DIY bike shop located in a huge warehouse near the French Quarter that also has shows, Recycle for the Arts, trapeze practice, Food Not Bombs, yoga, art shows, and other stuff. We're all volunteer, and have all kinds of tools and resources for people to use, as well as piles of parts and old frames and bikes. People can come in to fix their bike, get a little help, patch a flat, or build a bike.

This has been an ideal environment for me to learn in, because of the concerns kept in mind and the challenges that arise. I used to be really intimidated to come to Plan B, because of my lack of knowledge. Even though it's always been friends involved in the project, I lacked confidence and didn't want to look dumb. I was unsure of how best to learn I learn best, I've found, by being shown how to do something, and then messing up a lot until I get it right, and asking lots of questions.

It's exciting learning how to learn, while also learning how to share these newfound skills. We don't fix your bike at Plan B - we're there to help you learn how to do it yourself. So as I figure out how I learn best, it's complementary to be seeing how other people learn, and how to figure that that out with them. How to present information in an accessible manner.

It can be an intimidating space - messy, dusty, not well-lit, in a big funky warehouse. Lots of guys in there sometimes, in various states of dude-ness. Issues of gender have been raised and addressed in a variety of ways; right now we have a women-only day twice a month, and it's great that we have a good mix of people involved in general, all the time. Still, there is no denying that it can be intimidating to walk into a place like that, for anyone, especially if you don't know anyone else there and/or don't know much about bikes. Gender is a good point to focus on, as it addresses concerns that can then be expanded on into all aspects of how we operate - that is, how to make it the most welcoming and accessible space for everyone.

A broad mix of people does come in, and that is exciting to me. It's a measure of success in any community project that gets beyond it's own specific community - in this case, for the most part, scrappy young white people. Sarah says she learns best by getting outside of our community, interacting with other people. I'm proud that, while it is rooted in the ideals that are formed within my specific community, Plan B does interact with a broad cross-section of New Orleans. Yuppies, college kids, European tourists, homeless folks and street performers, clowns and circus freaks, neighborhood kids. Really, people of all ages and walks of life come in.

The kids are my favorite to work with. It can be kind of overwhelming when the shop is already full of people, and six kids show up. Kids can demand a lot of attention, and it's hard work to make sure that they are engaged and learning. For awhile I think that people were worried about kids being unruly or stealing things. But the kids who do come in have been overwhelmingly respectful. Most are really good learners who then teach their friends - some of our best mechanics are between the ages of thirteen and seventeen.

Timothy comes in a lot, he's thirteen and small for his age, but confident in his abilities. Every person who walks in, he'll ask, "What do you need?" They usually look at me, with a look that says, hey, don't you work here? Who's this kid? I tell them, "He probably knows more than I do." He struggles with getting their bike upside down, but he can almost always fix the problem. As Ethan put it, "I love seeing these macho dudes who act like they know everything come in here and just get schooled by a little black kid. The look on their faces is priceless."

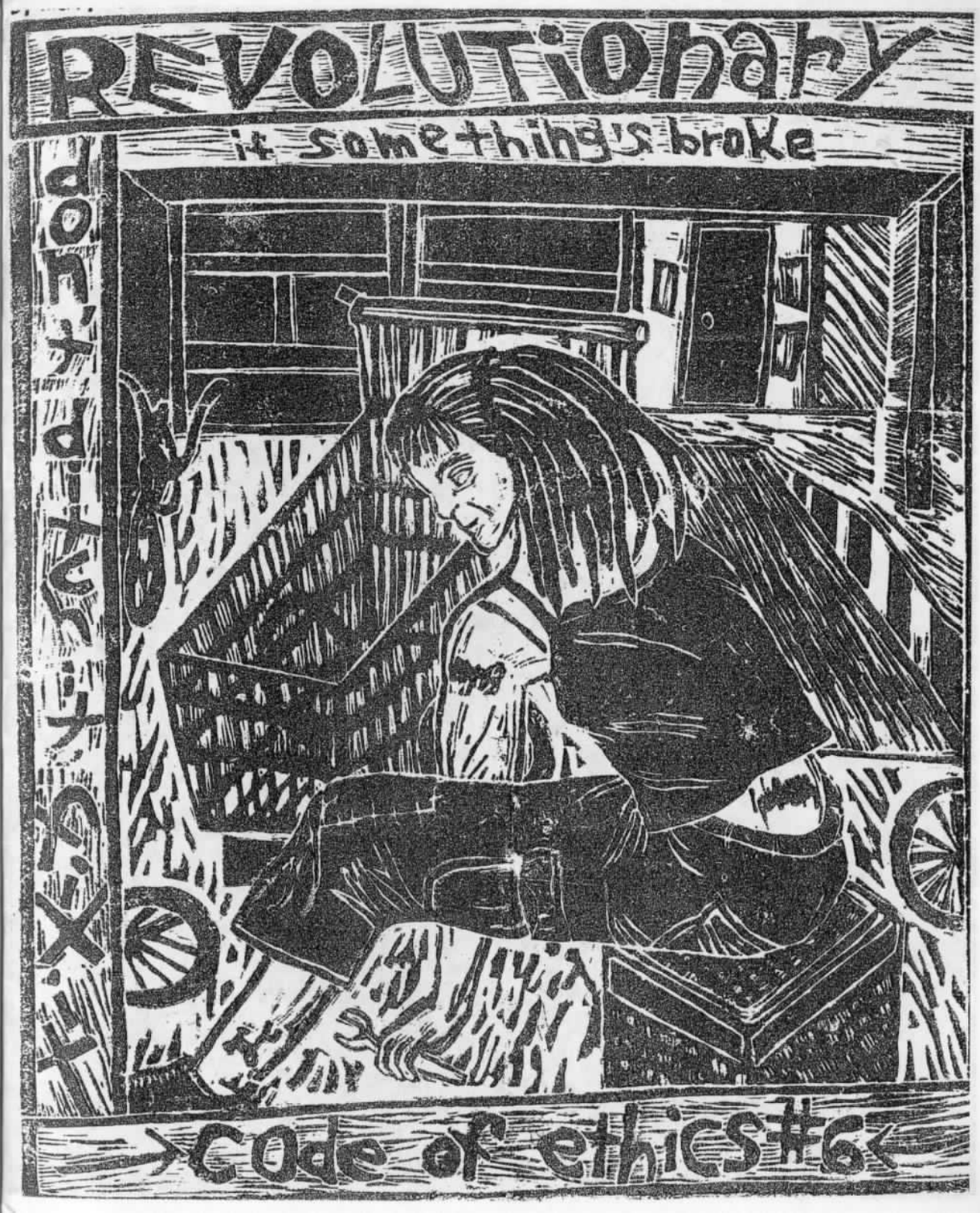
The other day, a man asked me a question I get asked pretty often. "So why do you do this? What do you get out of this place?" I answered him this; "First and foremost, I'm learning a lot about bikes. I don't have a car, so not only are bicycles interesting to me, and I think people should ride them and drive less, but it's necessary that I know how to fix mine In a larger sense, this place is a working example of how I think things could be different. It's a place where people can share resources and skills and knowledge, and not have to pay for every single thing. I think people can help each other out more than we're lead to believe, and it feels good to also learn so much while I'm doing it."

He told me, "Yeah, I was just curious. I think this is great - I just got out of jail, and my friend gave me this bike so I could find a job. I sure don't have money to fix it. This is great."

That's why I do it.

Come to PLAN B!
Side door of the ARK, at 511 Marigny and Decatur.
Mondays: 4 - 10pm
Thursdays: 2 - 8pm
Women only on the first and third Friday of every month:
4 - 8pm

PLAN B.



MECHANICS

One of the greatest things about the bicycle is that it is very simple to repair. all of the parts are there moving right before your eyes just the way they should according to simple physics. it is all pretty logical and most repairs require to most simple tools. finding bicycle repair manuals isn't too hard either, many can be found cheap in used book stores. and never be afraid to ask a friend or even a shop mechanic how to do a repair, most people who know mechanics are totally obsessed with bikes and are more than willing to show anyone who has interest. The important thing is to try not to be intimidated. and to have patience, pay attention, and put your hands on the bike and the tools. once you do a repair yourself, doing it a second time is super easy.

Ethan and i recently taught a class at the bike project on how to do a simple tune up on a bicycle. teaching is hard, for me, i think it is even harder than learning. i started working at a bike shop a couple years ago. though my boss did show me some things, he made a point to leave me alone to figure many repairs out. i was never really instruced, so i think instructing is pretty difficult for me. i have a tendency to show things, but have a hard time taking my hands off the tools. ethan was much better at it, a better explainer, and broke down bike repairs into a few basic lessons. watching him taught me a lot, and watching natalia at ladies night at the bike project has too. she is so patient, always teaches by words, allowing the person to do all the reapirs and tool handling herself. The lesson here is that when you are learning, make sure you DO the repair, be forward about picking up those wrenches!

Bike mechanics is empowering. i hate to use such a cliche term, but really it is! For me it helped me feel more confident, i was more willing to ride far, to depend on my bike as my only form of transportation. especially the simple knowledge of how to fix a flat. it makes you free, and it won't cost you any thing either. Remember that mechanics are a process of trial and error. don't be afraid to mess something up, most things on a bike are pretty difficult to break beyond repair. start looking more closely at your bike, use an old bike to take apart so you can see the insides, be amazed at the beauty of the bearing! touch them! look at your bike and appreciate the simplicity of it. handle your tools and know they give you the power to be less dependent.

Bicycle mechanics really WILL change your life, your perspective on things. Learning simple repairs will soon spark your desire to learn more complicated repairs. it is an evolution, from repairing, to building, to creating! You will learn to make your dreams come true, simple breakdowns will become opportunities to learn! you will become a fixer, a problem solver in all aspects of your life! You will learn how much you can control things in your life, to change, to create, to simply make things in your life run a little smoother. try it, i gaurantee learning to fix your bicycle will improve your life!

Hey Ladies!

A special note to women: i have this dream that women bike mechanics will take over the industry. i love to see ladies working on bikes. i love being a lady working on a bike. I can't tell you the kind of looks and comments i get from men who come into the shop i work at. from total amazement that a girl can fix anything, which somehow manifests itself as men talking to me as if i am a child, calling me sweetie, even thinking that telling me that mechanicing makes me sexy is a compliment. ya - whatever, just tell me what's wrong with yer bike buddy. jeez. i especially love when a woman comes in and i shocked by a girl working at a shop, i love the way they watch in interest, taking mental notes, maybe being awakened to the mechanic in themselves. i hope anyhow. ladies, don't be discouraged if you have never fixed any thing before, don't be afraid or ashamed. mechanics are not on the top of the list of things to teach young women in this world we live in. it sucks! it's like we're living in the fucking dark ages! just get in there! don't be shy, get greasy, be assertive, ask questions, go home and practice, get some other ladies together to try with you! mechanicing with other women changes everything, you will feel more secure, more supported. and let the boys know when they are leaving you out, when they aren't teaching but doing the repairs for you (like i do). i understand it is hard not to be intimidated, especially when you are new at something, a little clumsy, and i understand that this is compounded by often being the only girl working in a room full of boys. it is difficult, but very worth it!

How i learned to fix things

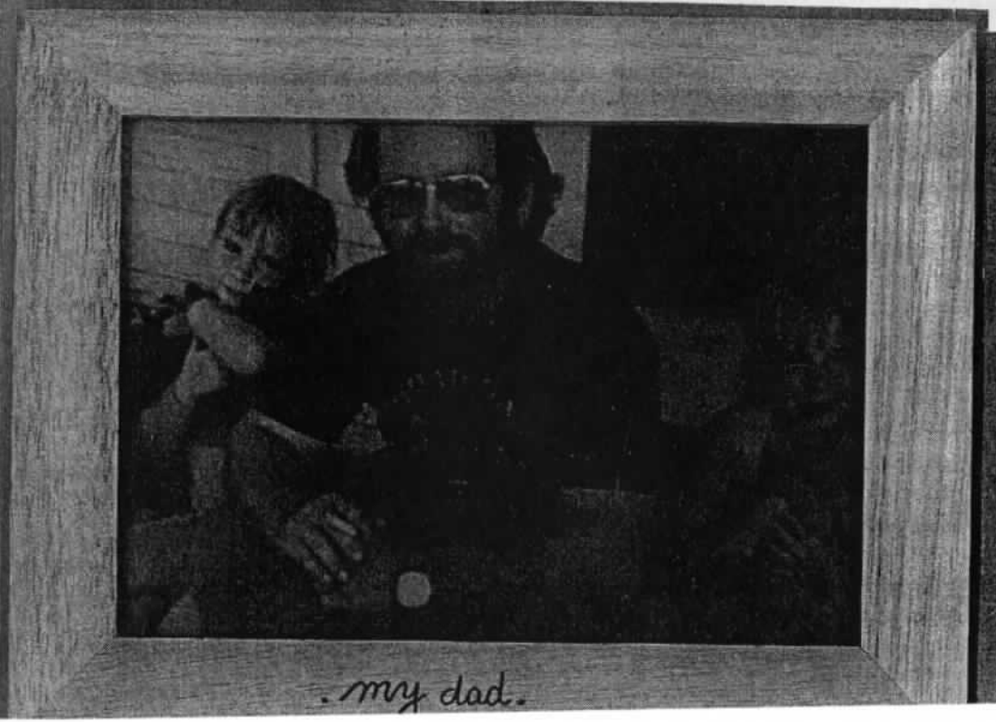
i feel very lucky. mechanics have been a part of my life since i can remember. my dad was an auto mechanic. i remember as a little girl, the smell of the car grease on his hands, the junked out cars that would come up the driveway for him to repair and sell. the first photo i have af myself with him, he is wearing the blue mechanic style shirt with the name patch (chris) on the right pocket. i love those shirts. When i was in highschool my step dad taught me to work on my first car, a volkswagon, bug. he wanted to be sure i could tune it up myself and change a tire if i needed to. that man was all about self reliance, i respected him for it. he taught me that a little work and a little grease would prevent a lot of work in the end. he was damn right.

Around that time i get my first real job,working at a hardware store selling tools. i swear this was my first real experience of true, blatant sexism. this was in east county in san diego and believe it or not, there were straight up country boys who came in, saying to my face, "get me a guy, girls don't know anything about tools." some would just laugh and walk away when i asked if i could help them. i tried dressing more like a boy, dressing more like a girl. i always got the same treatment. but i stuck with it, i worked there all through highschool. the boys i worked with learned to work the situations with me. when a man would walk up with a question, looking my male co-worker in the eye and ignoring me all together, my comrades would play dumb, say "i dunno ask her..." and force the sexist jerkfaces to be belittled when i would teach THEM how a router worked, or show them the best tool they needed for a job. i secretely learned to love it.

my next experience with mechanics was an accident. i finally decided to leave my home city for good when i finished college,bought a van and went driving. i got it cheap for a reason, and in new mexico the thing started throwing spark plugs all over the place. i was sent to a guy named bob in silver city, a vw genius, a madman with a sawmill he created out of a v8 engine, a homemade house and his very own junkyard (dream). he looked at my van and told me to come back for dinner. we made a deal that i would stay there and work trade for a rebuilt engine, no money at all. my friend and i did it, and after tearing down many engines, cleaning parts, (and building walls out of glass bottles, chopping wood, cooking dinners, organizing rooms full of junk and more...)we undid my engine down to the smallest bolt, put her back together, popped it in and drove off. i have never felt so proud. that engine took me across the country relatively trouble free about six times.

Now life has simplified itself to bicycle mechanics, and an occasional oil change on a vehicle. i got the job at the shop i work at by going there one day, and as the boss was fixing my brake cable, i said half joking to my friend, "if this guy would give me a job, i could quit." as i was complaining about my lame job at the time. a couple months later at a decatur street bar i ran into the guy. i had never spoken to him and hardly remember saying that i wanted him to hire me, but he says to come in if i still wanted the job, I was so so so excited, finally a JOB doing mechanics! could it be real? i hardly new how to change a flat on my bike. i was so intimidated when i got in there, only calmed down a bit because at least the tools were familiar to me. i have worked there on and off since the winter of 1999, and have learned a lot. remember that: everyone starts out new, time and effort can help you to learn anything. it is as simple as that. it is a life lesson.

as i said before, mechanics is an evolution. i started with cars, evolved (yes evolved) to bicycles, and through learning these things i learned to be more confident in my abilities to fix things and figure things out. i moved into a collective warehouse and learned to use power tools, to build my own room, to fix things around the house. i got jobs working construction, painting hanging sheetrock, repairing walls, building floors, a little plumbing a little electric. i realise now that the mechanical aspects of life are the simplest. man,compared to holding down a simple relationship, not getting freaked out when my life gets a little complicated, house mettings, jobs, ect... compared to those things, rebuilding an engine or changing a bottom bracket on a bike are CAKE. its just moving around some nuts and bolts. you can do that.



.my dad.

Good Books about Bikes

for repairs & maintenance:

Glenns Complete Bicycle Manual - written and photographed in the early 70's this isn't the most modern view of the bicycle, but the photos are great and easy to comprehend, the repair instructions are clear and easily applicable, the book is big and complete. it is easy to find this one used for cheap and it is my favorite repair manual.

Haines Bicycle Repair Manual - more modern with full color photos, i hear this is the second to the best for a bike repair book. the same people that make all those specific car repair manuals which have always been great to me.

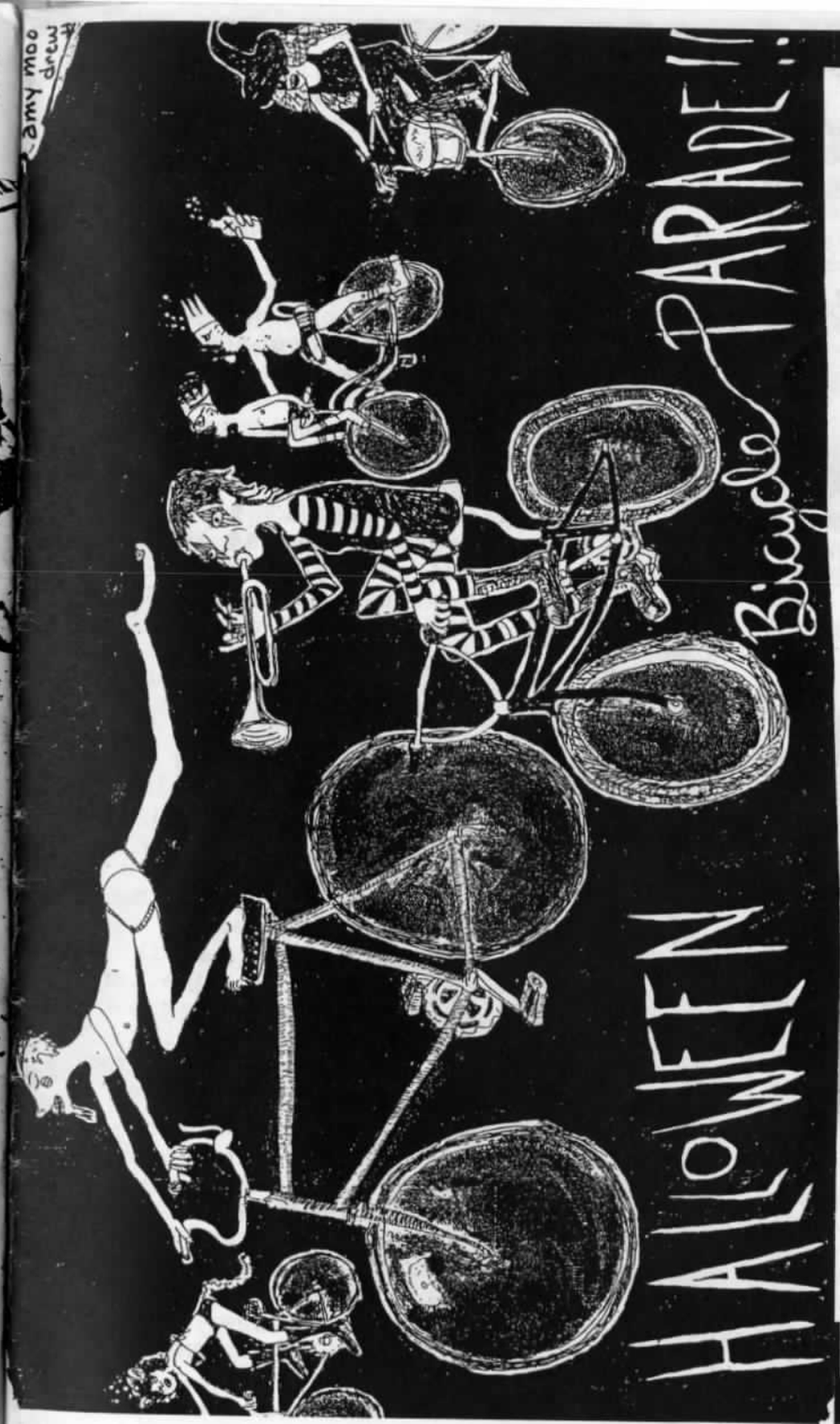
How To Rock and Roll - (Sam Tracy) i liked this repair manual a lot. it is written with a touch of cynicism reserved for the shop repair person. he's a bike geek for sure and gives lots of interesting high tech info. not suggested for the beginner in reapairs.he's adamant about bike maintenance, open with his disdain for cars and curses a lot, my kind of guy. but hey, a punk on a spendy track bike shouldn't get too snobbish about pretensious hipsters on "retro cruisers". we're all in the same fight, ok?

for history & general interest:

Bike Cult - (David B. Perry) this book is like the encyclopedia for bikes, great photos and pictures, interesting information on history and global bike stuff. The appendices are amazing, filled with stats, lists, contacts and ways to get more info about anything to do with bikes.

The Social History of the Bicycle - (Robert A. Smith) a Well told story about the history and the impact of the bicycle. fun and informative to read, very thourough.

Richards 21st Century Bicycle Book - (Richard Ballentine) informative, well rounded with history, technological advances, some repair info, nice art. Very up to date.



every year in new orleans we have a bicycle parade. everyone dresses crazy and we ride around the french quarter singing and ringing bells. sometimes we have stilt walkers, puppets, bunny bikes... it happens during mardi gras. for birthdays & this year for may day too. with all these friends and bikes, reallly, every day is a bicycle parade!

well, this is the end. as i type these last words, i can't help but wonder if i have really conveyed to you, the reader, what it was that i meant to convey. did i really tell you how i feel about bicycles, about life? the point of this was primarily to give information, the kind of information that would leave you feeling both more aware and more empowered. i wanted to tell you about what is important to me, true, but it is not about me. this is not about being funny, deep or even entertaining. it is not even about the bicycle as an object. a bike is a bike. finished. how the bicycle has been and continues to be a catalyst for change is important. how this information can be a catalyst for a change in you is important. knowing when it is time to say enough is enough, to put our collective foot down and demand change is important too.

i had an amazing talk with my friend jamie the other night. i was feeling both daunted by the immense problems facing our world, and intimidated by all the people around me, who had one thing or another that each was doing to make things a little better. i said, but jamie, what do I do? everyone was doing something, what do i do? he said, shelley, i think you use bikes to work on the world around you... i realized that everyone has their thing. mine is bikes, sarah has art and prison work, dan has his music, charlie had writing. we each have a way we connect with people, like our own languages, ways of communicating. this here is not to convince you to make bicycles your thing, but maybe to ask yourself what your thing is, to figure out how you can help make this world a little more sane.

maybe i am feeling a little preachy, but in light of the insane things that are happening in this world, the rapid expanion, military actions, impending wars, america's leadership's intense desire to make itslef the world's greatest power hidden behind the thin veil of expanding and sharing our good fortune and freedom with our "global community"... in light of these things, it is more important than ever that we ask ourselves what we can do, or even what we can not-do to help make things a little better, or at the very least to help combat the ignorance and greed that seems to be growing over the hearts of the people who think they control the world. because, you know, life just isn't a great big dance party, its not all communal dinners and great music and huge long hugs from friends. the world is a little fucked up really. it is ok to acknowledge that, and it is important for us right now to educate ourselves and each other, to work a little more, expect a little more from our selves, our friends, our community and from humanity. some times we need to cast aside the fun for awhile and get shit done. (and then, when the world is fixed, and we are all happy and equal, we'll have a big beautiful bicycle parade to celebrate!)

ok!

anyhow, thanks for reading. i am inspired to write more, about the aspects of bicycle life i have barely touched upon or have missed all together. if you have any suggestions, art, submissions, or complaints, write to me. if you are a woman bicycle mechanic, please, write to me. if you want a copy of chainbreaker or know somebody who should have one, by all means, write to me. i'll take trade, stamps, two damn dollars, or ten tootsie girls like this one for my collection!

write to: chainbreaker...
c/o shelley
621 north rendon
new orleans la 70119 usa
great!

and hey... thanks to sarah for her amazing cursive typewriter (and our mutual fan club!), to natalia for instigating ladies night at plan b and for making it really fun too, to Holy Virility for kicking new orleans into gear (and for the coffee too!), to my special summer crew (willie, natalia, john, ethan and yoni!) for bearing the summer heat with me and for being great friends and doers (i love ya'll), thanks to charlie for letting me depend on him & for being an important part of my reality, to pensacola for being cute, for jogging and for being such good teachers, thanks to icky and merry for everything you two do, to plan b, to french quarter bicycles (you too billy!), to miles for my lovely bike, and to all you on two wheels! love.